THE NEWS.

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SOMEHOW OR OTHER WE GET ALONG.

The good wife bustled about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and hand the while.
The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made, and all he had lost,
Ready and clear on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit,
Nothing has done very well this year;
Money is bound to be hard to get—
Everything's sure to be very dear;
How the cattle are going to be fed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is kind of a debt and credit sum
I can't make balance by my rule."

She turned her around from the baking board,
And she faced him with a cheerful laugh;
"Why, husband, dear, one would think
That the good, rich wheat was only chaff.
And what if the wheat was only chaff,
As long as we both are well and strong;
I'm not a woman to worry a bit,
Somehow or other we've got along.

"Into some lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat,
But when the rain and storm are o'er
The after sunshine is twice as sweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song;
We have had to bear, and had to wait,
But somehow or other we get along.

"For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other, whatever befell;
Six boys have called us father and mother,
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear,
We're both of us loving, and well, and strong;
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we've got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh;
He kissed his wife with a tender pride;
He said: "I'll do as you tell me, love,
I'll just count up on the other side."
She left him then with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low, sweet song—
A song that followed me many a year,
Somehow or other, we get along.

MY LOVERS.

We were only shop-girls, you know, and, for the matter of that, we are shop-girls still. But one day we had a little money left us—just a trifle—and as we were tired to death with pleasing other people, we decided to please ourselves, and take a vacation at the beach.

"For once," said Letty, "let us be grandees. Let us go in good style, if it takes every cent. Let us go as we might have gone if you hadn't been sentimental and had married Mr. Dunn."

"Mr. Dunn was a bachelor, immensely rich, bald and stout, and no longer young; not the lover I had dreamed of, not the realization of the "dim sweet vision" which had haunted my thoughts—for even a shop-girl has dreams and fancies. I had been greatly surprised when he asked me to marry him, and live on Beacon Street, and drive in my coupe. Of course *he* didn't mention these things, but Letty did; and I had said: "No, thank you," at once. What poetry could there be in marrying Mr. Dunn? Living in luxury on Beacon Street would be pleasant enough, but it would put love and romance and happiness forever out of the question, I thought. Letty disapproved, I know, and so did Mr. Dunn.

"Why don't you love me?" he asked. "Other women have;" and he smiled and blushed at the confession.

"Oh, I like you very much as a friend, Mr. Dunn," I said, to soften the blow.

" 'Friendship is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day,' "

he quoted.

It was pretty slow at the beach, after the first excitement of arriving and unpacking had worn off; after we had gotten used to bathing, and sitting idly on the piazza, with the sea rolling at our feet, or reading novels in the hammock, or watching the flirtations and the scheming. We didn't know anybody, you see, and there was noboby to introduce us. We talked with some of the ladies, but they seemed to have known each other before; and while they discussed this or that acquaintance, the opera of the season past, the soirees where they had met, we naturally dropped out of the conversation. Then, when there was dancing, we had no partners, and it was not exactly pleasant to play the wall-flower while others were in the swing of everything. Letty had said: "I think we had better go home, and use the balance of our cash in joining the Harvard Annex, and improving our minds," when one evening, as we sat forlorn on the piazza, who should come to meet us but Mr. Dunn! I never was so glad to see anybody in my life before. He didn't seem to bear me a grudge for having refused him. He introduced me to all the young swells and nabobs and their sisters as his particular friends; in fact, I believe he told one of the dowagers that I had declined to become Mrs. Dunn. He didn't stay a great while; he was due somewhere else—at somebody's country place—and I was rather glad when he went; for although I had refused him, I couldn't help feeling a sort of ownership in him, and when he flirted with other women I didn't like it. One doesn't like one's discarded lover to recover too soon, if at all. We were no longer wall-flowers; we danced and sang and rowed and bowled with the best. We were Mr. Dunn's friends. I think perhaps some of the women were even grateful to me because I had not married him.

However, it seemed to me that presently I forgot Mr. Dunn altogether. Clarence Cuthbert began to fill the measure of my thoughts completely. I hardly knew if anybody else existed. "All men beside were to me like shadows." We sat together secluded on the piazza, or walked on the sands by moonlight, or strolled in the pine woods and read poetry, or sang together on the rocks with the surf beating at our feet. He seemed the embodiment of all poetry and lofty sentiment and romance. He had a voice like the wind in the pines, or an Æolian harp, full of tender meaning and deep unfathomable feeling, I believed; he was like that princess whose lips dropped pearls and rubies of speech. He read Byron so beautifully that one felt he would have written it all if Byron hadn't, and he had composed airs to some of Shelley's divine verses, which he taught me to sing. Oh, it seemed to me just then as if I were a real live heroine breathing romance. About this time I happened to have a severe neuralgic headache, which confined me in my room several days, and one evening when Letty came up to bed she said,

"I don't know if I were going to marry one or the other, but I should prefer Mr. Dunn to Cuthbert."

"How disagreeable you are, Letty!" I said. "You had better come to bed."

"Mr. Dunn is sincere at least, if he *is* bald," she pursued; "and he isn't so dreadfully bald either."

"Well, Clarence isn't bald at all."

"No, but he's been going on with Miss Erskine as if you didn't exist—strolling in the woods, looking into her eyes, and repeating poetry. She showed me some lines he had written to her, and I believe they were the very same he composed to you, only brown eyes were changed to blue."

"Letty, I don't believe a word of it. It's only her vanity and your jealousy. See these exquisite roses he sent me, and this delicious note."

"I should think it was a recipe from Miss Parloa. Miss Eskine wore a finer bunch—real Jacqueminots, a dollar apiece—in to dinner."

"I don't value mine according to the price; they're Marshal Niels, too. If he had sent me a bunch of buttercups they'd be as precious. But you don't deserve to read the note, and you sha'n't."

"I don't want to. I dare say it's the fac-simile of Miss Erskine's."

"Letty," said I, severely, "don't speak to me again to night."

Of course I thought it was all nonsense. I didn't want Clarence to be moped when I was out of sight, and not able to speak to a soul. I wanted him to make himself as fascinating as possible to the other girls. To be sure, I made believe I was jealous of Miss Erskine playfully, when I went downstairs again, and pouted about it; and he said, just as I knew he would, that Miss Erskine was a nice person, who threw herself at a man's head, however, and demanded attentions; and her ogre of a mother was so afraid somebody would marry her for her money that it was a great lark to scare the old lady a little; but as for falling in love with Miss Erskine, especially when *another* person was in the world, that was simply impossible. After that they got up some private theatricals for a charity, and Clarence had to take the part of Miss Erskine's lover, and although he acted it to perfection, it wasn't pleasant. Mrs. Erskine didn't like it either. "It looks too real;" said she.

"They would be poor actors if it didn't," I said.

"Why, he's—kissing her!" she cried.

"It's only a stage kiss," I assured her. It *did* seem to me that he rather overdid the part.

"I made desperate love," said he, afterward, "just because that old harridan was looking on. I knew *you* would understand. Kiss her? Yes, I kissed her; she seemed to expect it—such a dose!"

"But you needn't have kissed her at rehearsal."

"True! that didn't occur to me. Live and learn."

I was sitting at the beach one morning a little later with Mrs. Erskine, watching Clarence and Miss Erskine swimming among the breakers.

"I *do* wish Rose would come in," said her mother, fretfully. "I'm afraid she'll get fond of this Mr. Cuthbert, they're thrown together so much." I gave a little start. "All the young ladies seem to be perfectly wild about the fellow; but I *do* wish he wouldn't make love to Rose, and make her believe she's so irresistible. Perhaps if she hadn't a fortune I should believe in him more. You ought to thank your stars, Miss Linda, that you're a portionless girl, and your lovers are all disinterested."

"Mrs Erkine," said I, "I will tell you something. You needn't give yourself any uneasiness about Mr. Cuthbert's intentions. I am engaged to Mr. Cuthbert. It hasn't come out yet—"

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Miss Linda," said she, and she really kissed my cheek. "My heart feels light. You can't tell how I've been put to my wits' end to keep Rose under my eye and out of harm's way. Mr. Cuthbert is so taking! But now I may take my ease with the other chaperons. Thank you for the confidence, dear. I really feel as if you had done me a favor; and Mr. Cuthbert's a real hero of romance, after all, with no mercenary feelings. Now, if Mr. Dunn had fancied Rose, I should have had no misgivings."

"I don't think Clarence is fond of money, or he never would have thought of me," I said.

"Well, I dare say; only I can't *tell* you how much I'm obliged to you. I shall always regard you as a friend."

This was a little different from the way she turned upon me one day, a month later, when, having returned from a steamboat excursion with a large party from the house, it was found that Clarence and Miss Erskine were missing.

"I am going back with Miss Erskine for her sun-umbrella," he had said to me on the boat. "She left it on a bench in the park, and I can't let her go alone, you know. If we lose this boat, there's another an hour later." But the next boat did not bring them. Mrs. Erskine spent most of the night down at the wharf with some companions, and when I went down-stairs next morning she was still in her excursion dress, with dishevelled hair, and holding an open letter.

"See what you've done," she said, giving me the letter. "*You* engaged to him! *You!* You connived at this, you hypocrite!"

"DEAR MAMMA" (wrote Rose),—"Don't be anxious about us. Clarence and I went immediately to the church at Beverly Springs, and were married before your boat reached the wharf. I knew you'd never consent, and it is so much more romantic to elope.

"Affectionately your daughter,
"ROSE CUTHBERT."

There was a note for me, too, very brief: "I love you, Linda, but

'Would the flame that we're so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the spit?'

That's my only excuse for being a knave."

Letty and I returned to our work. It would have been better for us if we had never tried to make acquaintance with the world of the idle and happy, never tried to become a part of it. We had spent our trifle of money foolishly enough, and had gained a bitter experience. But after a while I was surprised to find that I didn't feel as blighted as I expected—didn't have brain-fever or nervous prostration, like my favorite heroines. I began to think that my love for Clarence had been only skin-deep after all. I had been taken with his debonair graces; I had made no acquaintance with his soul. I began to compare him with Mr. Dunn, to Clarence's discredit. It was rather late in the day, to be sure, to appreciate Mr. Dunn. But I fell to thinking of him every day. I watched for him every evening, and started whenever the door-bell rang.

"After all," said Letty, one day, throwing down the evening paper, "it was lucky you didn'ty marry Mr. Dunn."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, he has managed to lose all his money—all but an annuity."

He had said to me once that if ever I changed my mind, if ever I thought I could love him, perhaps I would let him know, and I had promised I would.

"He will never ask me again to marry him," I thought, and so I kept my promise. Every day I thought as I left my work, "I shall find him waiting for me at home." Every morning when the postman came up the street my heart beat double; but at the end of a fortnight nothing had happened. One summer night, after the day's work was over Letty and I were resting in our little parlor that opened upon the old-fashioned garden at Roxbury, with its hollyhocks and love-lies-bleeding and London-pride—for I forgot to tell you that this was a little place which had been left to us with the trifle of money we squandered so foolishly, and from which we went in and out to our work in the city, being unable to let it. It was a warm night, and we had lighted no lamps, and the fire-flies were groping among the rose bushes outside, where trees made a soft shade, and the scent of flowers blew in at the open window. As the twilight dropped down and the stars trembled through the leaves I saw Mr. Dunn open the gate and come slowly up the garden. I could not be mistaken. I had watched for him too long to be deceived. I flew to open the door, but nobody rang. Then I threw it open, and there was no one to be seen. I ran down the garden path, but met nobody.

"Oh, Letty," I cried, returning to the parlor—"oh, Letty, he is dead—he is dead!"

"Who's dead, for pity's sake?"

"Mr. Dunn, Letty."

"Mr. Dunn? And what is that to you?"

"What is that to me, Letty! Why, it is *everything* to me. I saw him coming up the garden path, and the garden is empty. I couldn't be mistaken—don't I know every turn of his head—"

"I congratulate you on your discovery," said Letty. "It's rather late, though, isn't it, to find out that Mr. Dunn is everything to you?"

"Better late than never," said a voice at my elbow, and Mr. Dunn's arms were about me. I had left the hall door open behind me in my alarm.

"I was going away to seek my fortune in Australia to-morrow," he explained, still holding me fast; "but I could not go without one last glimpse of you, Linda. I didn't mean to come in. I ought not to have come in."

"Oh, yes, yes," I cried.

"I only meant to see you, if possible, moving about your pleasant home, I standing alone in the dusky garden outside, only to know that you were safe and happy once more. I was disappointed to find the house so dark, and stepped back into the street. I could hardly make up my mind to go away, and while I hesitated Miss Letty lighted a lamp, and I came back in time to hear your confession."

"And you are going to Australia to-morrow?" I said.

"We will defer the trip long enough to buy tickets for two," he answered. I said we were shop-girls still, and so we are; that is, I resign my situation to-morrow in favor of Rose Cuthbert, whose husband has required only a year in which to lose her fortune. Yesterday I received the letter I wrote Mr. Dunn from the Dead-letter Office. I had just directed it to "Mr. Dunn, Boston," as if there was only one Mr. Dunn in the world. When I look in his face I wonder I could ever have thought him too old; when I read his heart, I wonder I could ever have believed that romance and he had parted company.—*Mary N. Prescott, in Harper's Bazar.*

The Tussock Moth.

"I have discovered a new form of attack bred by the caterpillars from the white tussock moth," said Prof. J. A. Lintner, State Entomologist, as he held in his hand a bunch of elm twigs with the leaves curled and dried. "For two weeks past people walking through the streets have noticed the tops of elm trees fall to the sidewalk in large quantities. These, upon examination, are found to be little twigs from one to two inches, containing from four to eight leaves, and constituting the growth of the season. Close examination revealed the fact that at the end of the twig the bark had been eaten off. These twigs have fallen off in great abundance from some trees. I at once referred it to these insects, and went up on top of a house where I could inspect the workings of whatever was the cause, and there saw these caterpillars in active work. The explanation for this new method of attack, never observed before, was that the spring was cold, a fact which delayed early vegetation. Then by the sudden advent of warm weather the vegetation burst forth at once, making it very tender. This insect found at this particular time food more suitable to his taste than the leaves, which he has hitherto mainly fed on. In some streets—for instance, Lancaster street—nearly all the new growth has been cut off."

Prof. Lintner showed pieces of short limbs which he had gathered, and which showed the ravages of the insect. Just above where the new sprout joined the old limb the bark was entirely eaten off. "The depredations," continued the professor, "are not confined to the city, but other sections are suffering equally as much. I trust the evil will not be serious. The bark should soon toughen enough to resist the insects. It is an interesting phenomenon as illustrating the new habits that insects frequently take upon themselves. It is a question in my mind whether or not the eating of this young bark will be hereditary."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

—The high price of materials and labor interferes with building operations in New York this season.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Food and Drink for Children.

Dinner for children should be early, and about this let me remark that if beef or mutton be given, both of which, whether boiled or roasted, are highly nutritious, it should be cut up very finely or even minced, and the child should be taught to eat very slowly and to masticate the food well. Children's food, like that of grown-up people, ought to be varied; change is always agreeable and conducive to good digestion. I like to see children sit down to a good dinner, and I delight to see them enjoy it, but hurrying over meals—and they are generally prone to this—should always be discouraged, while on the other hand, nothing indigestible should be placed before them. Game of various kinds, as well as fowl, pigeon and rabbit, make a very fine change, and so does white fish, with the exception of herring or mackerel, or any other strong-tasted or oily fish. Although a little salt should be sprinkled over a child's food, he should not be permitted to eat salted provisions of any kind, nor any indigestible food as pork, goose or even duck, and turkey should be given but sparingly. The stuffing generally used with the latter is very likely to produce a fit of indigestion if given to a child. There are vegetables that a child may eat, and others that he ought not to partake of; potatoes, for example, turnips and roots generally are very wholesome, but cabbage and greens are provocative of internal disturbance. Even potatoes, turnips and parsnips, however, should be mashed. And here let me give a word of warning; they ought not to be mashed on the plate with the back of a fork; they will be lumpy if they are. The mashing ought to be complete and thorough. Puddings of sago, rice or semolina, or even corn flour, should always form part of a child's dinner, and suet dumpling, if eaten with syrup, makes a very nice change.

What should a child drink? Milk or water with meals, or a very little tea or coffee well diluted with milk. Cocoa is most nourishing; I cannot, indeed, speak too highly in its praise. As to beer or wines I should say never under any circumstances allow a child to partake of them, except under the orders or sanction of a medical man. The supper should be early, say six o'clock, and may be light pudding of any kind, porridge and milk, or bread and butter with milk-diluted tea. Children live fast, and be it remembered that they require more food in comparison to their size than grown-up people do, for they have not only to repair the waste of tissue, but to build and feed bone and nerve and muscle. Even between meals, therefore, if occasion demands it, do not deny them a crust of bread.

There is little need of physic where children are well cared for, well clothed and well fed. If a laxative be needed, either a teaspoonful of magnesia may be mixed in the pap, or a little fluid magnesia administered, but remember that magnesia too often given is apt to form concretions of a dangerous character. Castor oil warmed, so as to make it run easy, is sometimes good, the only objection to its administration being that force is required, and I know by experience that a child will struggle so against swallowing medicine as to cause itself mischief. Syrup of rhubarb is another harmless aperient, and one which will not weaken the child; but after all, the less medicine you give the better, unless the child be actually fevered, and then it is time to send for the doctor.—*American Register.*

Concerning Clover.

Clover of any variety seldom attracts much attention in a portion of country that has recently been settled. It is generally introduced after crops of grain begin to fail and a need is felt for more fertilizing material than the manure heap can supply. Red clover was not introduced into England till the soil had lost much of its fertility by continual croppings. It immediately produced a revolution in agriculture. Its first result was to increase the amount of stock food. It was soon found that its growth prepared the soil for a crop of wheat. It now forms a part of every system of rotation practiced in the country. As a forage crop it supplies much of the food eaten by sheep, hogs, and cattle. Its highest use, however, is as a renovator of the soil. Its abundant foliage casts a dense shade which renders the soil beneath it permanently moist. Its roots penetrate the earth to a great distance, pulverize the hard soil, and bring near the surface the mineral salts that lie beneath the reach of the plow. Even if all the stocks and foliage are removed from the soil the roots afford a large amount of fertalizing material. Clover is more difficult to cut and cure for hay than most kinds of grass are, owing to its liability to lodge. To obviate this trouble as far as possible it should be cut as soon as it is in full blossom. It is much easier to cut a field of clover twice when the stalks stand upright than once when they are lodged. Lodged clover is not only difficult to cut and cure, but poor for feeding purposes. The leaves are likely to fall off and the blossoms to become blackened or moldy. Clover hay to be relished by stock should be bright and fragrant. For sheep and young cattle it has no superior.

Clover is an excellent pasture plant, but care must be taken with its treatment. Stock should not be turned into a clover pasture early in the spring, while the ground is soft and the plants small. When animals are turned from dry hay into a pasture of clover that is immature they are likely to suffer from the change. If stock is turned into a clover pasture quite early in the spring it should be only a few hours at a time. Discretion should also be observed about turning animals into a clover pasture at any season of the year. Frequent cases of bloat or hoven occur from cattle eating too much clover after they have been in a scant pasture, or been kept for some time principally on dry food. Animals are not likely to suffer from eating too much clover when it is distributed among timothy and other grasses. If red clover is cut as soon as it is in full blossom the second crop is often as valuable as the first one. If there is a scarcity of food for winter it may be cut and cured for hay. It is generally less difficult to secure the second crop than the first, as the weather is more likely to be favorable. It pays to allow the second crop to ripen, and to cut it for seed. Take the seasons as they go, few crops pay better than clover. The second crop of red clover furnishes excellent pasturage. Sheep and cattle lay on fat very fast when allowed the run of a clover pasture during the early part of the fall. A Wisconsin farmer who was very successful with sheep declared that two acres of clover, the first crop being cured for hay, were as valuable for producing fat as an acre of corn. His practice was to sow land-plaster on the clover as soon as the first crop was cut, and to turn the sheep on when the plants had attained a good growth and were nearly ready to blossom. At first he allowed them the run of the field but one hour in the day.

Clover of all kinds is likely to fail or to do indifferently well on soil deficient in lime. Quicklime, lime that has air or water slaked, pulverized lime-stone and land-plaster, which is a sulphate of lime, are all excellent fertilizers for clover. Some varieties of clover will do well on any kind of soil, providing it contains a sufficient amount of lime in some form. The common red clover is best adapted to soils that are moderately high and dry, or somewhat low grounds that are well drained. The Alsike, or Swedish clover, does best on tolerably moist land. It makes a superior hay and the stalks are not as likely to lodge as are those of red clover. It is a more hardy plant and better adapted to a high latitude. White clover requires a soil tolerably dry and well drained. It flourishes exceedingly well on broken ground and on hillsides. It will cover the banks of ravines and the sides of road embankments and will preserve them from washing. Once introduced, it will remain in the soil often for a generation. A few seeds dropped in favorable locations, or small pieces of turf carefully transplanted, will be the means of introducing white clover with very little trouble or expense. A single plant will spread over a considerable extent of ground. Sheep relish white clover better than almost any forage plant that grows. It affords a large amount of the choicest honey, and is consequently in high esteem among bee-keepers. Hogs can be kept cheaper on common red or mammoth red clover than on any food the farmer can produce. One acre in clover will keep five medium-sized hogs during nearly five months of the year. A clover pasture that has been occupied by hogs will rarely fail to produce a splendid crop of corn. The droppings of the hogs and the clover roots will furnish all the fertilizers necessary.—*Chicago Times.*

Country Dressing.

There is rather a curious contrast between the dressing of those who leave the city to go to the country, and the visitors from the country who wish to show that they are not behind the times in regard to fashion. The distinction is chiefly one of color; country cousins are given to color of a somewhat crude and startling kind, and accept the statements made by interested persons in regard to fashionable shades and tints, and genuine materials. They are also apt to unite poverty of fabric with showiness in the trimmings, while the class of city people who can afford to go into the country and stay there pursue quite the opposite policy, choosing quite good materials, without perhaps any trimming at all, and fail utterly to represent style as it is understood among their rural neighbors.

The polonaise costume seems to be the favorite one for the country—belted broadly down over a skirt of a contrasting color. The polonaise may be of gray, blue, or bronze wool, or it may be of chintz or flowered satteen, but it is always made with an apron front, round or pointed, if the latter crossed to one side, and never open in front, which leaves the skirt exposed and is only admissible in the case of a coat and much trimmed skirt.

A great deal of embroidery is put upon the dresses prepared for the country, especially upon suits of pongee and lawn or cambric. The embroidered trimming is not confined to narrow ruffling. There is usually one piece of flouncing wrought for the front of the dress, which is half a yard in depth, and this does not form the short apron, but occupies the intermediate space below it and is often supplemented by an equal depth of embroidery about the hips, which is draped as paniers. White lawns are masses of what is by courtesy called "needle-work," though if the ornamentation was executed with the needle one dress would cost a small fortune. Not only are the flounces made of embroidery, but the basque piece is cut from it in the piece so that the dress is entirely "covered" with it.

The most unbecoming toilets are the large checkered and plaid suits, and there are many of them. Once in a long while a checker-board dress and a woman who can wear it may be seen, but it is so rarely that it would be a blessing if the rigid designs were relegated to the stove age, where they belong.

The "wafer," large spotted designs, are favorites for polonaise dresses, the skirts being made of the plain materia in the dark color. A dark blue cotton or wool watered with dull red has a dark blue skirt trimmed with two kilted flounces. The apron polonaise is belted down with dark red leather or dull satin and the straw hat and its feathers are all of the same shade, which is not conspicuous. Brown upon ecru makes a good combination and is accompanied by a brown straw hat, the two shades combined in its feathers.

Red or blue wafers upon cream grounds are used in cambric for the "holokee" dresses copied from the Sandwich Islands. They are simply low frocks gathered into a square yoke of white needlework and tucking, and are made with close or full sleeves of lawn, the latter slightly gathered into a frill of needle-work. They hang loose from the yoke, are not belted in, and make very cool and pretty in-door morning dresses.—*Jennie June, in Chicago Evening Journal.*

—There is terrific social excitement at Newport because a family has taken a cottage and does not "keep carriages and horses." Everybody is wondering what on earth they came to Newport for. It is one of the most remarkable cases of the kind on record.—*N. Y. Mail.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Mr. Chamberlain, the father of the American lady famous in Europe for her beauty, will not permit photographers to sell his daughter's picture.

—Mrs Elizabeth J. Crook has been reappointed Postmaster at Arkadelphia, Ark. Notwithstanding her name, her accounts are as straight as a foot-measure.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, of California, does not look like a man who enjoys his millions. He has a strong, stern face of gloomy cast, and never smiles or shows interest.

—Isaac Hills, a Meriden (Conn.) teamster with four children, has been notified that his great uncle in Canada has died, leaving $650,000, of which he will get $150,000.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Queen Mary, the Chief of the Gypsies, now 76 years old, has come over from England, and is ruling over her subjects, who have gathered in Pennsylvania. Mary is said to be the Queen of all the Gypsies in the world.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett must be credited with saying at least one good thing outside of her books. On being asked how to write a novel, she replied: "You must have pen, ink and paper. Use the first with brains, the second with imagination, and the third with generosity."—*Chicago Herald.*

—"Lotta," says James H. Heverin, "is the wealthiest actress in the world. She can make more money with her feet than the brainiest man living can with his head. She made $125,000 last season, and she is worth altogether, to my knowledge, fully $1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that she has lost $300,000 by bad speculations."—*N. Y. Post.*

—A gossipy writer in the Troy. (N. Y.) *Press* says of Bret Harte's father, whom he met years ago when he was private tutor of two of his playmates: "I remember him well, a very pleasant gentleman. He married a girl out of the mill. She was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, as handsome as a doll, but had no education. Her husband educated her, and she became one of the finest ladies in Hudson."

—The Marquis of Lansdowne, the new Governor-General of Canada, is particularly distasteful to the Irish. He has an estate in Ireland of over 120,000 acres, and an annual rental of $173,000, but is noted for his stinginess, and particularly distinguished himself two years ago by sending a shipload of seed potatoes to his starving tenants and charging them market rates for them.—*Chicago News.*

—The descendants of the first of our Presidents are not numerous now. In Virginia are a few of the Washington family of the Lawrence Washington branch, and of the Madisons there are none. Monroe has one or two nieces and a nephew living, and Jackson has not a living descendant. The Adams family is the best represented of the six. Jefferson has a number of descendants, and Mrs. Meikleham is the nearest living relation. She is the youngest daughter of his eldest daughter, Martha, who married a Randolph, and is the last of her seven daughters.—*N. Y. Times.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A long tramp: The one who stands six feet in his stockings.

—The last sad writes: A man's will. A splendid water-meter: Meeting her on the beach by moonlight.

—A Pittsburgh lady, whose first born is six feet in his stockings and only half through his teens, thinks she will start a tea store. She has such a young high son.

—"Hush! Beware of the torpedo!" said a young lady to an ineligible admirer who was becoming too attentive. On his asking for an explanation she answered: "Oh, it's only our new name for mamma, because she blows us up so!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—As the happy couple were leaving the church the husband said to the partner of his wedded life: "Marriage must seem a dreadful thing to you. Why, you were all of a tremble, and one could hardly hear you say 'I will!'" "I shall have more courage, and say it louder next time," returned the blushing bride.

—A sporting paper says that a certain base-ball player was "fined twenty-five dollars for missing a fly." Persons who have watched the antics of a bald-headed man as he strikes aimlessly at a fly will wonder how long the richest bald-headed man's purse would hold out if he were obliged to pay twenty-five dollars for a miss.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—A man of dull wits, who took things literally, had often heard that "Truth is a jewel lying at the bottom of a well;" so he decided one day to go down the well for the purpose of taking possession of the jewel. He hurt his knees and elbows, bumped his head, ran an old fork into his foot, and shivered around for six long hours before his wife drew him up. "What in the world were you doing down there?" asked the wife. "I was looking for Truth, but I guess this ain't Truth's well."

—An old Scotch story is good enough to be lately revived in the Scotch papers: One night Sandy told her that he "liket" her "awfu' wee." She simply responded "ditto." Sandy was not very sure what that meant; so the next day while at work, he said, "Father can you tell me what 'ditto' is?" "Oh, ay, Sandy!" replied his father. "Dae ye see that cabbage?" "Yes." "And dae ye see that ither ane, that is jist the same?" "Yes." "Weel, that's ditto." "Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Sandy. "Did she ca' me a cabbage-head? I'll na' wed her."—*N. Y. Post.*

—"Old woman," said a Fifth avenue man last night, at twelve o'clock, when he came home, with about fourteen drinks in him, and found his wife in her night-gown, "let's play the 'Siege of Lucknow,'" and he grabbed the broom and rasped all the tinware off the wall. "What do I play?" said she. "You play Jesse," said he. "All right," said she, and she grabbed him by the hair, wiped up the floor with him, banged his legs against the stove, hit him on the head with a dipper, and flung him out of the back door. When he awakened this morning, under the back-oven, he said: "The old woman played her part well."—*N. Y. Graphic.*